

Hiccup's Moments of Victory in The Thawfest Games

by nightfury22

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Summary: Hiccup learnt something from Astrid about friendship in Thawfest. Will he be a gracious loser or a lousy winner? One more thing ... what might be Astrid's gift for Hiccup at the end? You fanfic readers should've known.

1. Astrid's Point of View

****Author's Note:** **I'm not intending to copy any other's works, but if I accidentally do, review and give me proof if you posted the exact fiction before me, and I'll remove this fiction if it's the right thing to do.

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><p>Hiccup's Moments of Victory in The Thawfest Games

Astrid's Point Of View

He was there; right passing Snotlout and Hookfang, on his cute and agile night fury Toothless. I love to see someone else receive the Thawfest Medal. I wanted it badly, though. Hiccup, wellâ€¦ Hiccup is adorable. He is weak and scrawny. He can't lift a decent hammer. He wouldn't kill a dragon, as I thought so. He is the one who killed the Dragon Queen and tamed a night fury. Mostly, he stole my heart. I would be glad if he or I receive the medal, it'll be good.

However, we argued the day before. I confessed my feelings, which is not what Astrid Hofferson supposed to do, to Hiccup. Hiccup the Uselessâ€¦ yet the one whom I love so much. I told him what a gracious loser of him if he stops gloating, not becoming a lousy winner that I don't want to happen.

He worked all night at the forge, doing calculations and measurements that I couldn't think of. He intended to beat Snotlout Jorgensen, the best of the Vikings, before the dragons arrive. He had this chance now, as he passed the guy whom I hate now, and zooming to the finish line. He had this gloating face again. Ugh I hate him when he does that. Then I realized something. He was looking at Snotlout, all sad face. He spoke a few words that confused my minds, though I can't hear it.

The Hiccup is back, my Hiccup is back. He crash landed on a nearby forest, tail fin closed. Confuse was everyone, thinking it was a malfunction on Toothless' tail. Fishlegs closed his and Meatlug's eyes. Nobody knew what was really going on here. I knew. I smiled.

Snotlout entered the arena and crossed the finish line with pride and conceit. A few moments later, Hiccup joined in. The Jorgensens cheered for Snotlout victory. Hiccup held a hand towards Snotlout, but then Snotlout answered and held his hand back and teased him. I just want to crush this guy. Can I? I didn't care. Hiccup is happy, and so am I.

They went to the stage as Stoic gave a little speech. He then gave Snotlout a medal and Hiccup a pat on the back. Snotlout went celebrating his victory with that stupid motto of his. Hiccup disgracefully stepped off the stage. I realized what I was supposed to do. He took my advice, and I returned it with a bit of favor. I punched him.

"Ow!" responded Hiccup, "What!"

"I know what you did," I said all casual.

"Yea! I lost! as usual," he answered me sadly.

Yup, time to speak the truth. "No, you threw the race," I said, looking proud of my boy, wait friend boy.

"I-I have no idea what you're talking about, Astrid," that was his response, "Snotlout was just the better viking today."

I interrupted him, "No Hiccup, no one was a better viking than you today."

He looked that he can't accept that. I sighed. What else can I do? I grabbed him by the shoulder and kissed him. I don't care how much pairs of eyes were watching us. I really have no idea what I'm doing. I thought it was just the right thing to do at that moment. He looked drunk in love and had that goofy face on him again.

I just left him.

2. Hiccup's Point of View

**Author's Note: **Oh my Thor! 60 minutes off and there was like 45 views. Especially, thanks to Midnight' Dragon Conqueror, who followed and give my fanfic a favorite. Thanks! Here is chapter two, Hiccup's Point of View. Hey, reviews are love, so give 'em lads!

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><p>Hiccup's Point of View</p>

I could make it. I could beat Snotlout. I was very close. Suddenly, Toothless gave a burst of speed and raced past Snotlout by a foot. Yes, finally! I passed Snotlout at the sight of the arena. I could make it! I was happy. I must be dreaming. I wonder how happy will Stoic, my father in chief, be. I wonder how cross will Spitelout, my uncle and father of Snotlout, be. I wonder how amazed will Astrid, the girl of my dreams, be. Oohâ€œ! this is too good to be true. Finally, my first ever Thawfest medal!

Somehow, I managed to turn my back and see Snotlout complaining and muttering swearwords and curses under his breath. What am I doing? I realized something. I just knew it. Astrid was right. I smiled at Snotlout, then closed the tail fin of Toothless, making him lost balance and crash landed on a nearby forest.

"Sorry dadâ€œ!" that is all I could say, even if my father didn't hear me.

I saw Snotlout passed us into the arena, followed by a smoke rising up and cheers from everybody. I just realized how stupid I am. But I was right, for Snotlout is my friend, or if he thought so. It really didn't matter. It was just a stupid competition, let alone a friendly race.

I rose up to see my dad proud of me, Gobber waving at me, wishing me good luck, or if I thought so, and a girl with blue ocean eyes and hair like a thousand golden thread smiling at me - wait, isn't that Astrid? Why would she be cheering at me? Why wouldn't she be with Snotlout now? Why would she be proud of me? Dahhâ€œ! girls are confusing.

Then I realized something. She told me that she likes me being a gracious loser. My heart flutters. Am I a gracious loser? I don't care, at least for now.

I entered the arena beside Snotlout Jorgensen, with his whole clan cheering at him. I raised a hand for a handshake and thanked him for the great race. At least Snotlout wouldn't be that arrogant once in his life. Somewhat, that conceit in Snotlout haven't changed him a bit. By the bristly beard and thunderous thighs of the great goddess Freya, he is still his old self, even after winning Thawfest. I just shook my head.

We went to the stage to hear Stoic's short speech, then giving the Thawfest Medal to Snotlout and a pat-on-the-back to me. Yup, second again. I saw Snotlout celebrating, but I'm not mad. He is happy, at least. With my heads down, I went down the stairs, to receive a punch-in-the-arm from â€œ! Astrid? The girl of my dreams punched me? This is so peculiar. Oh, but it actually hurt.

"Ow!" was my response, I could only think of that. "What!"

"I know what you did," she answered casually. Did she knew?

"Yeaâ€œ! I lostâ€œ! as usual," I answered with a sad face.

"No, you threw the race," she answered. That made me shock. At leastâ€| _yayyâ€| she knew a bit of meâ€| thanks Freya! _I thought.

"I-I have no idea what you're talking about, Astrid," I answered with a lie. To show my stubbornness issue, I said, "Snotlout was just the better viking today."

She interrupted me, "No Hiccup, no one was a better viking than you today."

Those words made me fly, like an angel in the sky (hey, that rhymes!).

I was nervous. The most beautiful girl in the world talked and complimented me. It was like to choose whether you would want to go to heaven or hell. She grabbed my shoulder and kissed me. Oh my Thor, oh my Thor. Alright, I'm dead, I'm in Valhalla right now. Sheâ€| kissed me.

YAHOO! is all that my mind could think of.

She left me, and I am open-mouthed, drooling. Yuck!

* * *

><p>Rate and Reviews please! Those are love! Wanna see chapter 3?

3. Snotlout's Point of View

**Author's Note: **I'm sorry if I haven't updated and finished this fiction before, cuz I am busy. As you can see (and you can't), I'm in the school student council and is arranging an Olympic at our school. So here I am now, finishing it. Thank Freya. Thanks for understanding guys!

No review, ehâ€| NO REVIEW!? Geez, I was hoping for some *cries* â€| sigh â€| nonetheless, this is chapter three.

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><p>Snotlout's Point of View<p>

Yes! I could see the arena! I can make it! Of course I can. I'm beating Hiccup! Of course I am. Suddenly, Hiccup passed and smiled at me. I was shocked. Damn it Hiccup! You can't beat me! I can't lose! Of course I'll win. Hookfang and I went full speed, but that wasn't enough. Sighâ€| maybe I'm the first Jorgensen to lose Thawfest. Of course I'm not!

All of the sudden, Hiccup fell. I don't know why. I just kept going on. I entered the arena with wild cheering from everyone, especially my dad Spitelout. I made it! I really made it! I beat Hiccup! Of course I did.

Hiccup joined me at the closing ceremonial. He thanked me for the good race. Loserâ€| I thought. He held a hand to me. I give my hand,

but then pulled it back.

"Too slow! Like always," I teased him. He totally needs that.

He shook his head regretfully. Stoic gave a little boring speech. Yadda-yadda-yaddaâ€œ just give me the medal so I can show off! He then gave me a medal and Hiccup a pat-on-the-back. Yup, He really deserved that.

I went celebrating with Hookfang. I ran around the arena and held my medal high proudly. Hey, I'm not arrogant. I'm just the best Viking here! I heard the crowd, my clan, and the Thorstons yelling:

"Snotlout! Snotlout! Oi! Oi! Oi!"

Yup, this is my time to be pleased with myself.

I saw the twins coming to me, and so Fishlegs. Tuffnut elbowed me.

"Hey, look at that! Astrid's kissing Hiccup, cuz I don't know why she is doing that. I mean, Hiccup lost right? Dahhâ€œ this is confusing." Tuffnut said, and left.

"You're awesomeâ€œ I like thatâ€œ" Ruffnut said, closing in to me.

See? Chicks are attracted to winners, not talking fishbones. Fishlegs left. Ruffnut grabbed my tunic and kissed me. On the cheek, but that's worth it. I went over celebrating with my clan all night long. Happy Thawfest to me!

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><p>There you have it! The story's complete! Thanks for reading guys, you rock!

End
file.